Thy dowreles daughter King throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes in watrish *Burgundie*,
Shall buy this vnprizd precious maide of me,
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkind
Thou looseſt here, a better where to find.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone, (*Burgũdy.*
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon: come noble
Exit Lear and Burgundie.
Fran. Bid farewell to your ſiſters?
Cord. The iewels of our father, (you are,
With waſht eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what
And like a ſiſter am moſt loath to call your faults
As they are named, vſe well our Father,
To your profeſſed boſoms I commit him,
But yet alas ſtood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place:
So farewell to you both?
Gonorill. Preſcribe not vs our duties?
Regan. Let your ſtudy be to content your Lord,
Who hath receaued you at Fortunes almes,
You haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.
Cord. Time ſhal vnfould what pleated cũning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt ſhame them derides:
Well may you proſper.
Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*? *Exit France & Cord.*
Gonor. Siſter, it is not a little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our father will hence to night.
Reg. Thats moſt certaine, and with you, next mon eth with vs.
Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſeruation we haue made of it hath not bin little; hee alwaies loued our ſiſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſe.
Reg. Tis the infirmitie of his age, yet hee hath euer but ſlenderly.

derly knowne himſelfe.
Gono. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke to receiue from his age not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therwithal vnruly waywardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.
Rag. Such vnconſtant ſtarts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.
Gono. There is further complement of leaue taking betweene *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his, will but offend vs,
Ragan. We ſhall further thinke on't.
Gon. We muſt doe ſomething, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*
Enter Baſtard Solus.
Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy law my ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I ſtand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit the curioſitie of nations to depriue me, for that I am ſome twelue or 14. mooneſhines lag of a brother, why baſtard? wherfore baſe, when my dementions are as well compact, my mind as generous, and my ſhape as true as honeſt madams iſſue, why brand they vs with baſe, baſe baſtardie? who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take more compoſition and feirce quality, then doth within a ſtale dull lyed bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene a ſleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the baſtard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate, well my legitimate, if this letter ſpeede, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the baſe ſhall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I proſper, now Gods ſtand vp for Baſtards.
Enter Gloſter.
Gloſt. *Kent* baniſht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and the King gone to night, ſubſcribd his power, confined to exhibition, all this donne vpon the gadde; *Edmund* how now what newes?
Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.
Gloſt. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that letter?
Baſt. I know no newes my Lord.
Gloſt. What paper were you reading?
Baſt. Nothing my Lord,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22292) LONDON, 1608 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G d.44[5]) Octavo